MASSINELLO:

OR, A

SATYR

Againſt

The Aſſociation,

AND THE

Guild-hall-Riot.

Indignata malis, veritas ſuccumbere, ſeſe
Præſtitit invictam, viribus uſa ſuis.

Nihil mali eſt, nihil adverſi, quod
Non metuant, & expectent improbi.

Entered according to Order.

LONDON:
Printed for *James Norris*, at the King's Arms without *Temple-bar*.
1683.

SATYR

AGAINST

The Association.

AND THE

Guild-hall-Riot.

Indignata vidis, veritas succumbere, sese
Praesentit invisam, virtutis ipsa suae.

Nihil amici est, nihil adversi, quod
Non metuant, & expectent improbi.

Entered according to Order

LONDON:
Printed by James Nevins, at the King's Arms, without Temple-bar.
1 0

TO
The Salamanca
(NO)
DOCTOR.

WHen the *Good Old Cauſe* grew from a Shrub to a Cedar, under whoſe ſhadow the Beaſts of the Land ſheltered themſelves, and in whoſe Boughs the Birds of Prey built their ravenous Neſts; when from Religion they proceeded to Rebellion; when the Devil appear'd in *Samuel*'s Mantle, and the demure Cloak lin'd with a Jeſuit; when they aim'd to have no King in *Iſrael*, becauſe they long'd to do what was

right in their own Eyes; when the Son began to inquire into his Father's age, and thought he had liv'd too long, and too quiet in his own poſſeſſion, becauſe of a better Opinion than himſelf; when one Friend was the onely Inſtrument to betray another, and the Impious Factions (quite wearied with the too pleaſant Yoak of Monarchy) made their too good King truly great and glorious: then was their Golden Age, and the true Sun-ſhine of their Proſperity; when puft up with a villainous Ambition, they confidently canted, that Heaven was auſpitious to their Rogueries, and Rebellion grateful to the Almighty, becauſe maskt under the ſpecious Vizard of Reformation.

And we have ſtill reaſon to ſuſpect that the Old Play is ſtill in ſtudy, and the Solemn League, or Aſſociation, may be ſtill under debate; but we have

have a ſure word of Information, that a Solemn League is no leſs than a Solemn Villany. This the ſage *Maſſinello* knew, and therefore never play'd the States-man better in his life, than to leave the infected Air wherein we live, and retire to an untroubled and hoſpitable Commonwealth; and ſince the Charity of the Party grows as cold as their Power is weak, we might reaſonably enough imagine that you intend to breathe the ſame Air too. Indeed a great part of the Nation would be very unwilling to part with their Saviour, and that another Region ſhould be happy in that, which you better deſerve in this.

We have heard enough of your Poſitions, and by them can gueſs how great a Friend you are to Loyalty; but we hope you will pardon the Author's Ignorance, ſince you are not made

made Partaker of the fam'd *Massinello's* Encomiums, we know you deserve as much as he; and 'tis the Author's hearty desire, that you may be both rewarded according to your merit, and be at last chronicl'd in the Martyrology of a *College*.

MASSI-

MASSINELLO:

OR,

A SATYR

Againſt

The Aſſociation,

AND THE

Guild-hall-Riot.

OUr laſt paſt Age was ſpent in Civil Wars,
In Preternatural Inteſtine Jars;
And *Albion*'s mighty Strength and haughty Pride
Sharpen'd the fatal Steel that pierc'd her ſide.
An Impious Age (devoted unto Blood)
All Laws of Nature and of Kings withſtood,
Prone to all Ill, averſe to all that's Good.

That ript the Bowels of its Mother-ſoil,
And with Rebellion ſtain'd th' unhappy Iſle.
Then was Religion's face all wrapt in Cloud
By men pretending Zeal, but Murder vow'd.
Poor harmleſs *Syren*, ſhe had loſt her Voice,
And Eccho-like turn'd to imperfect noiſe.
Ah, *Albion*, how wretched wert thou then, and curſt,
Thy Luſtre clang'd from what it was at firſt;
When ſmiling Peace built here her Halcyon Neſt,
When of all Iſlands thou wert call'd the bleſt;
When all th' inſulting Billows of the Sea
Did conſtant Homage to thy Genius pay;
When Gold walkt unconfin'd in open view,
And no cloſe Aldermans dark Cloſets knew.
But we to our own Native Land have done
Such horrid Miſchiefs as the riſing Sun
Has bluſht to ſee, and ſtain'd his purer light
With the diſfiguring blemiſhes of Night.

Our

Our ſelves have done what others could not do,
Not the falſe *Scot*, nor the dull *Dutch-man* too;
Not all the Daniſh Foot, nor Gallic-horſe,
Not all th' Invincible Armado's Force.
Not Hand-granado's, nor the greedy Fire,
When Pope and Devil did in 66 conſpire.
All Roman Malice ſtill in vain was ſhown;
The ſpurious Brats of Ruine were our own;
Our own the Cauſes, and our own the Crimes,
Our own the ugly Monſters of the Times.

Of theſe one *Maſſinello* was the Head,
The putrid Maſs which all the Poyſon bred.
Gygantick Soul to Pigmy-corps confin'd,
The ſubtle Turn-coat both of Side and Mind.
One that his feeble Limbs could hourly ſcrew
Into ſuch ſhapes as *Proteus* never knew:

Sometimes a Crab-tree ſhould his Pulpit be,
To drop down Faction to the Mobile:
Some ſtroaks he had drawn with an outward grace,
Did ſeem to repreſent fair Vertue's face.
How pleas'd his Looks, how cheerful are his Smiles,
How quaint his Words, how taking all his Wiles!
Yet he's *rè verâ* but an anti-*Paul*,
Who to gain ſome, becomes all things to all.
All ſaw the flights of his ambitious Soul,
But none the mighty Torrent would controul.
All ſaw that in the Caverns of his Breaſt,
Pow'r and Revenge did mightily conteſt;
But peeviſh Honour was excluded quite:
Honour, that dazles big Ambition's ſight,
In *Maſſinello*'s thoughts could find no place,
The man was Stranger both to that and Grace;
Letcherous and lewd, and if Reports be true,
He kept the Mother and the Daughter too.

In

In Strife the cunning Fiend did moſt excel,
And in his Soul did Snarling Envy dwell,
Envy, the *Primum Mobile* of Hell.
What a vaſt pitch the cunning States-man flies!
Another's Fall he makes his Step to riſe.
When rais'd, none more obliging is than he;
None more malicious when in Miſerie.
In the Late Wars his Faith was ſtrongly prov'd,
He fought for th'Parliament, yet the King he lov'd.
Still *Maſſinello* was their onely Pride,
So long as *Maſſinello* held their Side.
None did more cheerful looks, nor loyal bring,
When the kind Gods reſtor'd our Sacred King:
Then he well knew the Myſtery of State,
To love as much as he before did hate.
In Policy he learn'd this common place,
The ſtronger ſide was in the ſafeſt caſe:

And

And like that Selfiſh Monk, if he were bleſt
With Life and Honour, Death take all the reſt.
He knew the onely way to be preferr'd,
Was to make Friends before his Cauſe was heard.
In what a fawning, baſe, and ſervile wiſe,
Did the alluring Serpent ſtrive to riſe?
When once the Fiend rears up his hiſſing head,
The piercing fervour of his Eyes ſtrikes dead.
He grows a Baſilisk if he gets a Crown,
And Death unſeen would wait upon his frown.
And now the factious Club's together met,
All heads to *Maſſinello*'s do ſubmit,
Their onely Genius, and their onely Wit.
But he----
The better Market of his Hogs to make,
Well knew what with the Canting Tribe would take:
Rearing his Lordly Whites, and new-waſht hands,
Much like the Rev'rend Dr. * *Wightman* ſtands:

* *A Tubſter, by trade a Taylor.*

Then

Then straight he opes his large and wide Commission
For the Scotch Covenant in a New Edition;
A thing most beneficial to the Nation,
And now new dipt th'*Association*.
This with the Saint-like Rout admir'd became;
They lov'd it dearly for the very Name.
Then with a leering Smile, and canting Tone,
This Speech from his Oraculous Lips did come:
Brethren,----
Since Providence Divine has order'd so,
Into our hands to give our furious Foe,
Let's not be disobedient to the Call,
Lest the good Cause by our own faults should fall;
And we to our own cost at length should find
That Opportunity is bald behind.
We all have groan'd in vain, as ye all see,
Under the pondrous Yoak of Monarchy.

In

In vain have been our Cants, in vain our Grief,
In vain were all Attempts for our Relief;
In vain we faſted, and in vain we pray'd,
In vain in corners juſt like Aſſes bray'd.
But now----
With gracious ſmiles Deliverance appears,
Baniſh deſpairing thoughts, and Panick fears;
See here the bleſſed Inſtrument of Fate,
The onely Prop to a juſt Sinking State; ----
'Twill purge the treach'rous Nation from its ill,
And all my inſpir'd Propheſies fulfil,
That we ſhall have new Lairds, and eke new Laws,
And a new Game to play, the *Good Old Cauſe*,
And who is't dares my Propheſies oppoſe?
Now ſhall your Wiſhes once agen ſucceed;
Law ſhall go down, and Mitred heads ſhall bleed.
This long has been our Prayer; for this we all
With a true-blue, and zealous Union call:

And

And in one Cauſe when all our Wiſhes joyn,
The heart within is fir'd with Flames divine.
No Sex nor Age of Loyalty we'll ſpare,
No not the new-return'd three Kingdoms Heir.
We know, to the ſad grief of all our hearts,
The Dogs of *Egypt* do deride our ſmarts,
And like their Locuſts, ſwarm in all our parts.
How do the Roman *Nimrods* ſway the Land,
Of Forts and Caſtles arm'd with ſole command?
How do the Prieſts of *Baal* ſtrive to defile
With Groves and Altars this our holy Iſle?
But that which greateſt weight t' our ſorrow brings,
They're bred and foſter'd under *Julio*'s Wings.
Julio the fatal cauſe of all our Woes,
Julio the Spring whence all our Miſchief flows,
Julio whom I adviſe you to expoſe
To all the Malice, and to all the Rage
Of a dull Praying, Preaching, Factious Age.

In vain ſhall he our Priviledges ſlight,
In vain ſhall he pretend his ſacred Right;
In vain ſhall he lay claim to Right divine,
Or juſt Succeſſion in th'undoubted Line.
What we Enact, his Claim ſhall ſoon remove,
And all his legal Rights illegal prove.
Perhaps ev'n now he's kindling ſecret Fires
Againſt our Properties, and ev'n now conſpires
Againſt our Right and Priviledge; which we
Cannot alone ſuſpect, but well may ſee.
Let wretched Exile therefore be his fate,
Baniſh'd the Kingdom as the Kingdoms hate.
No more ſhall Fame his mighty Deeds record,
No more his Name by Loyal hearts ador'd;
No more ſhall Poetaſters of the Times
Embalm his Praiſe with never-dying Rhymes:
They ſhall all vaniſh too, and diſappear,
(Excepting him that writ the *Character*---)

His

His and their Names in forreign Lands ſhall die,
And with them too we'll baniſh Loyaltie.
'Tis Reformation that we all deſigne,
And each one here ſhall be a *Catiline*.
Religion and its Laws ſhall be our own,
A choice Religion that ſhall Curb the Throne;
Better Five hundred bear Command than one.
Why ſhould the peeviſh Rabble thus become
Frantick and froward for Religion?
Religion, the huge Bugbear of the Times,
The pious Cloak to cover all our Crimes.
Were I for a Religion yet to chuſe,
It ſhould be one of Profit, and of Uſe;
One that ſhould carry on the Mighty Cauſe,
Spight of the guarded Bulwark of the Laws.
And now (my deareſt Friends) ſince length of years
Hath interwoven Snow among my Hairs,

And my weak feeble Body quite conſumes :
By Tap, and Priſick, and the loathſome Rheums.
Yet ſtill with joy, I thank the Fates Divine,
I have not ſpent in vain the given time.
Now Fortune ſmiles at laſt, and Providence,
To Poliſh Crowns and Scepters, calls me hence.
Now my kind Stars their wiſht effects do bring,
And I, before I die, ſhall be a King.
Much like a dying Father to his Heir,
Gives the laſt Pledges of his tender Care ;
What Rocks to ſhun, what Courſes he ſhould ſteer,
What to reject, what he ſhould hold moſt dear.
So I exhort you to be wiſe, and make
My Life your Pattern, and my Counſel take.
Long have I liv'd the Bulwark of the Cauſe,
And for its ſake made Cobwebs of the Laws :
Long with my ſage Advice I help'd you on
T' amaze the Genius of the Nation.

Still

Still Plots have been my Theams, and my deſires
Were ever prone to kindle Factious Fires.
Long have I buz'd into the Vulgar's Ears
The harſher ſounds of Jealouſies and Fears:
Long have I teaz'd 'em with the hideous notes
Of waking the next morn with bloudy Throats.
So you accuſe, defame, perjure, and lye;
So you promote the pious Cauſe thereby:
'Tis meritorious, yet no Popery.
Traduce thoſe that are Loyaliſts and great,
And impudently rail againſt the State.
Go on in factious Riots, and purſue
New Shams, till at the laſt no Shams be new.
Amuſe the People as I did before,
But ſtill make Intereſt the God y'adore:
Int'reſt all Order to Confuſion brings,
And aims at having none, or many Kings.

Then

Then may ye Cant at laſt, that your Succeſs
Was Heav'ns allowance of your Wickedneſs.

No ſooner ſpoke, but all the Factious Croud
Shouted, and to their Oracle they bow'd;
All hum'd his Speech, and Monuments of Praiſe
To *Maſſinello's* Eloquence they raiſe.

Of theſe was beauteous *Regulus* the prime,
Whoſe eaſie Nature caus'd his chiefeſt Crime;
Nobly deſcended of the Nobleſt Race,
In Strength and Beauty did to none give place.
In a juſt Cauſe his Valour has been prov'd
In forreign parts, where he was fear'd and lov'd.
He made the Stubborn Rebels to obey,
And due Allegiance to their Cæſar pay.
At home in Peace the Noble Youth poſſeſt
Love and Reſpect in ev'ry gen'rous breſt.

Still

Still by his gracious Father was embrac'd,
Still with new Titles and freſh Honours grac'd;
Till cloy'd with Greatneſs, and quite tir'd with Height,
The glittering Trifles daz'd his weaker ſight.
An *Ignis Fatuus* led his Steps aſide;
Then ceas'd his Honour, and his Greatneſs di'd.
Juſt like an Indian Carrack coming home
With half the Indies lodg'd within her Womb,
The Winds with her full Sails do gently play,
The wanton Waves are no leſs pleas'd than they;
Proud of the vaſt and wealthy weight they bear,
They dance her nimbly in a brisk Carreer.
At length a Rock within cloſe ambuſh lies,
In thouſand pieces rend th'unvalu'd Prize.

Next him was *Belfort* in the grand Cabal,
Seduc'd by an ambitious inward Call.

The

The Seeds of Faction ſpring in him apace,
A Dæmons heart under an Angels face.
Vertue in beauteous bodies brighteſt ſhines,
Like heav'nly Saints inclos'd in glorious Shrines.
But if baſe Vice conjoyn'd with Beauty lies,
'Tis like a Devil in a Paradiſe;
Beauty and Vice ere now were ne'r Allies.
But the ſweet Pills of Int'reſt ſtill delight,
Still raging Flames and wild Deſires excite,
Till he becomes a zealous Proſelyte.
But yet good Nature ſhines; for ſtill we find
That the He-Moon is to his Author kind.
Witneſs his eager forwardneſs to ſin,
Witneſs the dull Sham-plots he now is in.
Still he with lawleſs Paſſion is poſſeſt;
Rapes and Revenge ſtill reign within his breaſt.
Next comes his thundring Second into play,
Strong in his *Arm*, impatient of delay:

For

For a Moſs-trooper heretofore renown'd,
And oft for Murders timely Pardon found;
Poor in his Purſe, and yet can boldly fight,
And for the Lord knows what was dub'd a Knight.
His boundleſs Merits claim an higher place,
The worthy Sir ſhould groaning *Tyburn* grace:
Long ſince that ſhou'd have been his juſter doom,
Had *Pluto* pleas'd to call his Envoy home.

Theſe, with ſome hundreds more, were ſoon be-[tray'd,
And *Maſſinello's* fond Diſciples made;
Who like his Patriot Devil, when of old
In Paradiſe the fatal Tale he told,
The charmed Maid by his baſe Wiles ſeduc'd,
Cheated her Honour, and her Fame abus'd.

But now ſome City-project was their Theam,
Of Factious Tribunes did the States-men dream;

True to the Cause, such as should rule the Town
By their own Wills and Popular Renown,
And by degrees set Limits to the Crown.

In troops they meet, the Foolish and the Wise,
With Priviledges arm'd, and Properties;
Which they make use of, and expound so true,
As Hereticks Scripture to their ruine do.
Befriended by their Tribunes sage Advice,
The Sots must be inevitably wise.
With open mouths, like true-bred Curs, they baull,
And loud Sedition cracks the spacious Hall.
Libels are scatter'd, infamous and base,
And *Probus* Rights must to their Wills give place:
True *Whigs!* they glory in a Brazen-face.
Probus ill Fumes did in this Offering smell;
Wrapt in fair Leaves he saw the Poyson dwell;

He

He smelt the Rancour that was hid within,
And knew the Asses though in other Skins.

Probus was Prætor, *Probus* just and true;
That gives to *Cæsar* what's to *Cæsar* due:
Dear to his Prince, by gen'rous hearts rever'd;
Lov'd by the Loyal, by the Factious fear'd.
Noble and brave Endeavours did he bring
To serve the City, and to please his King.
Law was his Rule, and Justice was his Guide,
And cheerful Loyalty his onely Pride.
Courteous to all the Compass of his Mind;
To its true genuine Point the *North* inclin'd.

Theron by him was chose, *Theron* the brave,
That scorns to be to Avarice a Slave.
This the deformed Lump of Faction found
Slights all their offers of Four thousand pounds.

Such Bleſſings Heav'n ſends, when it is kind;
By Heav'n the happy Inſtrument deſign'd
To curb the factious Follies of the Age,
To heal their Rancours, and their Heats aſſwage.
All their loud Clamours ne'er could make him ſtart,
Learned and Loyal both in Head and Heart;
Loyalty ſpotleſs, which did ne'er ſubmit
To Conſcientious *Ignoramus* yet;
Nor aid a Riot, nor confront the Laws,
To ſave the life of the Departing Cauſe.

No cloſe Cabals could ere their Ends obtain;
Mile-end and *Wapping*-Treats were ſtill in vain.
Sneaksby the Storm foreſaw, and ſmelt the Plot,
And left the Factious Tribunes on the ſpot,
To urge their Priviledge, and aſſert their Power,
And make their fair Election in the *Tower*.

Now

Now *Massinello's* Politicks are croſt;
Laird, what a World of hopeful Shams we've loſt!
No Solemn Covenants nor pious Lyes,
No Nets of *Machiavilian* Policies,
No private Clubs where Faction bears the ſway,
And ſlie Sedition teaches to betray;
Could ever yet the leaſt Reſiſtance bring
Againſt the Laws and ſacred Rights of Kings.

Thus liv'd Rebellion, thus Rebellion dies,
Cruſht with its pondrous weight Sedition lies.

Whereas now the Preaching, Perjur'd *Cromwell's* [gone,
Where's the extinguiſht fallen Star his Son?
Where's now that reſtleſs He that would be firſt,
Tho at the horrid rate of being worſt.

Tho

Tho bold *Briareus* with his hundred Hands
May for a while upon pil'd Mountains stand,
Striving to pluck a Star from out its Sphere,
And fix himself a Constellation there;
At length loud Thunder from th'avenging Sky,
Fells him as low as he before was high.

No more let guilty *Massinello* live
'Mongst us his spurious Off-spring to revive.
In time let him be wise, in time give ore;
He ne'er will find so *Partial Jury* more.
Let the dull Statesman tempt no more his Fate,
But save his Ruine ere it be too late.
Humble Submission may a Pardon bring;
Cæsar to him has been too good a King.
Yet there are Deeds of more triumphant praise,
Destin'd to crown Great *Cæsar*'s future days:

Mercy

Mercy and Juſtice guard him all around,
With Good and Great are his fam'd Temples crown'd.
If Peace alone can give ſuch Victory,
What muſt the Trophies of his Battels be!
Late and full ripe in years may the Gods call
Him up to King it in bright Heaven's *White-hall*;
Then ſhall his Name, perfum'd with *Good* and *Juſt*,
Smell ſweet when Marbles crumble into Duſt.

FINIS.

Jan '29
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